

THE WORLD.

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THE NOVEMBER RECORD.

Total number of "Worlds" printed during the month of November, 1887,
8,505,840.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH,
283,528 COPIES.

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION during the past six years compared:

	Monthly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	943,861	31,469
1883.....	1,361,670	45,389
1884.....	3,645,834	122,184
1885.....	4,107,463	136,943
1886.....	6,107,460	203,580
1887.....	8,505,840	283,528

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The New York "World" invites every Newspaper Proprietor and every Advertiser to examine its Books and Press Room to Satisfy himself about its Circulation.

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(As per Special Notice.)
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The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening issue. Nor do the rates of that issue apply to the Morning Edition.

ASK THE PEOPLE.

The Congressmen who are making a holiday visit to their homes cannot do better than to consult with their constituents as to the legislation they desire.

Let the visiting statesmen see if they can find any disinterested man who is in favor of prolonging the war taxes and spending the surplus. Let them inquire among the "plain people" as to the policy of freeing luxuries and vices from taxation and continuing the taxes on food, fuel, clothing and shelter.

Let them ask sensible and candid men of all parties what they think of the President's Message.

Then let the Representative represent.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

"Christmas tree or Christmas stockings" is the mooted question in many a household to-day. A compromise, highly satisfactory to the younger generation, is to have both—the stocking-hanging Christmas Eve and the tree Christmas night.

Thrice happy then the boy or girl possessed of an obese and obliging relative in the capacious recesses of whose borrowed stocking may be stored toys and goodies galore. The pernicious practice of filling these caverns of how with vegetables and other extraneous material will prevail in no well-regulated family.

But quite as essential to a perfect Christmas Eve is a visit to dreamland. Let every youngster to-night fire his imagination with the lively imagery of those familiar lines, "Twas the night before Christmas," etc., and then be tucked snugly beneath the quilts to dream such dreams as only childhood knows and only Christmas Eve can bring.

THE HOSPITAL COLLECTIONS.

Last year's Saturday and Sunday Hospital collection was \$33,000. That means an average contribution from the people of New York and Brooklyn of about five cents per capita.

This year's collection should be even larger. New York never had a more prosperous year. Let the hospitals share in the horn of plenty. A tithe, or even 1 per cent., of the money spent for pleasure at this season would widely extend the circle of their beneficent work in the relief of the afflicted and suffering poor.

"All mankind's concern is charity." Let the checks, the cartwheel dollars, the quarters, the dimes and the pennies fill those little red boxes to the brim.

WATCH 'EM.

There is a very suspicious delay about the adjustment of those mysterious and enormous Aqueduct claims.

On one pretext and another the meetings for their settlement have been postponed. Why? Simply because Comptroller Lown, who believes that a contract is a contract, and who resolutely declines to pay out millions of the people's money unauthorized by law, is to go out of office at the close of the year. The greedy contractors cherish the hope that the incoming Comptroller may be a more pliable official. Hence their Fabian policy.

It will pay to watch them. Millions are at stake.

THE MEAN CIGARETTE.

While the cigar-makers are very properly struggling against a proposed reduction of wages and revival of the tenement-house system, why does not the public kick against the mean cigars peddled off at high prices by the manufacturers?

For a year it has been almost impossible to obtain a fair weed at a fair price in this city. This lack of faith with the consumers is the real cause of the demoralization of New York's cigar trade.

Make the cigars in a decent place and improve their quality.

THE YOUNGER DICKENS'S TOWN.

Unlike the Rev. Dr. Parker, CHARLES DICKENS has not been "all broke up" by his tour of the country. He comes back from his Western trip enthusiastic over the "excellent

hotels," "the magnificent railroad system" and his experience in general.

He says he has seen no Wild West, and thinks the adjective of "little use." While the delicacy of this compliment is appreciated, it is to be hoped that he has not found things too tame.

At all events it is apparent that the "New American Notes" will strike a more popular chord than the first edition thereof published by his esteemed progenitor.

A TRUER DEFINITION.

An Old Whig masquerader defines a free-trader as "one who believes in maintaining the internal system at as high a figure as possible in order that the duties on foreign productions may be kept as low as possible."

Considering that the internal taxes have been reduced, by general consent, from a thousand articles to two only, involving a cutting of nearly \$200,000,000 revenue from this source, this is a definition that defines falsely.

A "free trader," in protectionist parlance, is one who favors even the slightest reduction in the 47 per cent. war tariff. President CLEVELAND is a "free trader" to the Old Whigs.

But the old spook has no more scare left in it. The American people are determined to have lower taxes and freer trade.

There is force to the complaint of the unfair competition of Government bands with unattached musicians. Uncle Sam's musicians are enlisted soldiers and receiving regular pay, and can naturally take outside engagements at cut rates. Either the army regulation against such engagements should be strictly enforced or some equitable arrangement be made to obviate the unjust competition.

CHARLES ANANIAS DANA, the dotard who can no longer lie with plausibility nor tell the truth with discretion, continues his futile fulminations against the journal that long since sent him and his into perpetual eclipse.

THE WORLD'S Christmas matinee at the People's Theatre this afternoon promises to be a great success. About 5,400 applications for seats were made. There will be a theatre full of delighted youngsters and misses.

Rome is only slightly over one hundred miles from Canada. Ordinarily \$40.00 would be rather a steep fare for such a distance, but circumstances alter cases. So JACOB SHARP may think.

Mayor HEWITT's ambition to "supply every baby on the island with a rattle" is far more laudable than his wish to have the helpless innocents all dozed with soothing syrup.

One of Justice's freaks: JAHNE eating his meagre Christmas dinner in Sing Sing and JAKKY dining sumptuously at his country place.

JOHN SHERMAN is referred to as a "remnant." He would doubtless be pleased to regard himself as a saving remnant.

Between natural gas and the gas natural to Chicago, the Western metropolis ought to be buoyant and well lighted.

"The Wife" has become extremely popular at the Lyceum. She ought to be so everywhere.

We told you that BRER SHERMAN was only "lying low."

A Strange Story of Faith Cures.

Henry Hayes is one of the oldest and most highly respected citizens in this county. A reporter met him to-day and learned from his own lips the story of a strange experience that he recently passed through. Some time ago "Uncle" Henry's health began to decline; he grew weak and emaciated, and his appetite completely failed. He was in a bad way generally. A physician was called in who prescribed for him, but after taking the medicines for week without gaining any relief thereby, Mr. Hayes decided that man's efforts in his behalf would be vain, so he plainly told his physician that he would take no more medicine and that he had left his case in the hands of God, that if it was his will for him to die he was ready to undergo the ordeal of death. So no more medicine was taken. But now the strange part of the story. On the night of the day on which this conclusion was reached, "Uncle" Henry began to have a very uncomfortable feeling on one side of his body. He ran his hand under his shirt to rub his side, and found that his skin was peeling off. He got a handful of dead skin the first rub he made, and this operation was continued until he had peeled the old skin of his entire body, leaving in its stead a new skin, soft and delicate as an infant's. From that night he began to improve in health, and he now declares that he is in possession of better health than he has enjoyed for many years, and that he has a ravishing complexion, which holds nothing lightly in the way of food.

He Didn't Look at It.

[From the Nebraska State Journal.]
"Johnnie, when will your sister be down? I'm getting awfully tired of waiting."
"She'll be down in ten minutes, I guess."
"Well, I'm going to time her. I'll go and look at the clock and see how long it will take her."
"You'd better not."
"I'd better be mad if I wasn't running."
"What do you mean, Johnnie?"
"Why, she says you'd stop a clock by looking at it."

Overheard in the Alley.

[From the Philadelphia Call.]
First Newboy—I tell you, Billy pounded him over the head awfully.
Second Newboy—What Billy?
First Newboy—The policeman's Billy.
Second Newboy—You think yer smart, don't yer? Jimmy told yer that.
First Newboy—What Jimmy?
Second Newboy—The burglar's Jimmy.
First Newboy—Fool! You think yer smart, don't yer?

A Want Less Unfulfilled.

[From the Boston Herald.]
Another glorious holiday season is almost here. Another year will soon be numbered with the past. Another notch in the scythe-handle upon which Father Time records the annual flight of this round earth about the sun will shortly be cut, and still mankind looks in vain for the coming of some lofty genius capable of inventing a necktie and tucking it up to the top of his shirt collar and seeing horribly and decently at the whole world.

A Great Advantage.

[From the Birmingham Republic.]
A correspondent says: "Dr. Fairmair is a genial gentleman with a mouth actually four inches wide." Let the reverend gentleman rejoice. He can eat pie with a knife without cutting his mouth.

Relative Value.

[From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.]
Some surprise is felt that there are not more colleges men in Congress than there are. But the comparative value of statesmen and baseball players is lost sight of.

PLAYS FOR EVERY TASTE.

ANY NUMBER OF HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS AT THE THEATRES.

Events in the Dramatic World To-night and on Monday—Dense Crowds Expected and Managers Happy—New Things to be Produced and Old Attractions Running Which Brought to Tears or Laughter.

OLEMNITY has been the prevailing expression upon the managerial countenance during the past week—an awful, irresistible solemnity due to the wretched condition of the theatres during the week before Christmas, when the perverse multitude cannot be induced to do anything but shop—shop in the morning, shop in the afternoon, and shop in the evening.

To-night, however, the managerial countenance will be shortened, as the week heralded in is the best in the year, from a theatrical standpoint. Money pours into the coffers of the playhouses, the city is filled with slighted theatre-going strangers, and every manager who has a play that can reasonably be looked upon as an attraction, is tolerably sure of seeing his theatre packed during the Christmas week.

Monday will really be celebrated as Christmas Day at the theatres, though the houses to-night will doubtless be well attended. Most of the theatres will give matinees on Monday, though it is only the managers of the cheaper theatres who expect to make a good thing from the matinees. In the evening, however, there will be dense crowds at the theatres, composed of people anxious and willing to applaud anything; in fact, they pay out their money just as much to be able to applaud as to see the play.

After London, there is probably no city in the world where so many admirably connected theatres and such a variety of good matinees can be found as in New York. Taking, for instance, to-night, when there are very few "changes in bills," or, in other words, new plays, it will be easily seen that there is a theatre for everybody at the theatres—for those who like sensation, comic opera, comedy, burlesque or picturesque representation.

Most of the Christmas playgoers visit the theatres to laugh.

"If I want to cry," said a cynic once, "I have only to stay at home and open the envelope of the letter after brings. My bills are more than I can bear."

The cynic can go to the theatre to-night or Monday in full confidence. If he cannot laugh at "Pete," to be seen at Harrigan's Park Theatre, he is absolutely no good for him. He might try Dockstader's, however, before he settles down to the conviction that his disease is chronic. At Dockstader's there is a musical prodigy called Albert Weinstein, who plays the piano à la Hoffman and is really worth hearing. At both Harrigan's and Dockstader's there are matinees on Monday.

Before dismissing the laughter-inspiring plays, the Star Theatre must not be forgotten. Here "Billy" Florence holds forth to-night, Capt. Cutler, and is also to be heard Monday afternoon and evening. Mr. Florence is too well known to need discussion.

Comedies are attractive at all times of the year, and on Monday night the Lyceum and Union Square Theatres. At the Lyceum "The Wife," which has passed its fiftieth performance, is being played. So no wonder that it touches with its pathos. Little Miss Dillon kissing her sweetheart and getting a dirty face from his always brings down the house.

At both the Lyceum and Union Square there are matinees on Monday.

A new play will be produced at the Standard Theatre to-night for the first time. It is by Steele Mackaye and is called "Paul Rader," a comedy. It is described as a picturesque drama. There is an excellent cast, including Joseph Haworth, Wilton Lackaye, Miss Annie Robe and Miss Louise Thorne. It is also to be given at a Christmas matinee.

Mrs. Langtry's last performance at the Grand Opera-House will be given to-night in "As in Looking Glass," and on Monday that general favorite, "The Goodbye Kiss," will be given. It is a comedy, and has been a great success at their popular theatre. To-morrow night Prof. Cronwell will illustrate the manner in which people keep Christmas time in "Merrill's Island."

At other large theatres, Niblo's, there are also good things to be seen. To-night, for the last time, "She will be given with its "word of command" upon the stage, and then unfortunately come to an end, for the present, at any rate. The Christmas matinee at Niblo's will introduce a new sporting and found that his skin was peeling off. He got a handful of dead skin the first rub he made, and this operation was continued until he had peeled the old skin of his entire body, leaving in its stead a new skin, soft and delicate as an infant's. From that night he began to improve in health, and he now declares that he is in possession of better health than he has enjoyed for many years, and that he has a ravishing complexion, which holds nothing lightly in the way of food.

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LE VIOYAGE EN SUISSE.

At the Theatre the Christmas attraction will be a "sensational local drama" called "One of the Bravest," a story of New York life. This will introduce some very interesting effects, and the management call it "a bit of original fun," and "a cyclone of excitement." There will be a matinee Christmas. To-night "Taken from Life" will be given for the last time at Poole's.

At the Christmas matinee at H. R. Jacob's Third Avenue Theatre in the shape of "Fun on the Bristol," which is well known and will stand repetition. To-night Hallen & Hart's First Prize Ideals will finish their tour of the city.

At Tony Pastor's Christmas will introduce some extremely entertaining pictures. Herr Pitrot, the living pauper, will be seen. While Harry Woodson, the negro impersonator; Ashley and Hess, the skaters, and Luigi Dell'Oro, a "musical wonder," will be features of the programme.

At the American Institute, Frank A. Robbins' winter circus may be seen to-night, during Christmas week and subsequently, with matinees daily. Everything that circus lovers may enjoy will be there. A zoological garden, a museum of curiosities, serial performances and clowns are among the promised attractions.

BILL NYE A MONOPOLIST.

His Latest Device for Getting a Powerful Grip on the Necessities of Life.

To the Editor of The World:

Will you kindly insert following notice on second page of Saturday issue, following pure reading matter, without any advertising signs whatever, and charge same to the Manhattan Little Neck Clam Trust and Horse-Radish Pool?

Those interested in the formation of the Manhattan Little Neck Clam Trust and Horse-Radish Pool, discussed at a recent meeting held at my office, are requested to communicate with me, including checks for amount to be subscribed and making suggestions for the management of the same. Those who may read this notice and favor the formation of such a Trust, should also communicate with the undersigned whether they attended the preliminary meeting or not. The proposition is, briefly, to get a corner on Little Neck clams during the next season and force the consumers of horse-radish to come to our terms. Our plan is to corner the clams and herd them till we have plucked, peeled and peppered the small buyers. Then, when they have accepted our terms and started business again, to suddenly shoot up the price of horse-radish 100 per cent. We can also unite with the Lemon and Vinegar Trusts and make things so high that consumers will have to gather their clams with step-ladders. We could, by another year, get our clutches on the cracked trade, and, with the clam trade in our grasp, it would be but a little matter to get control of all the remedies for colic. With a corner on clam colic and its relief, we would practically regulate peace and war. We could inaugurate war between powerful dynasties, stir up intestine strife, advance the price of breadstuffs and control the figures on national securities.

I am, therefore, a most potent danger to the peace of a nation if I can furnish the clams. All communications and funds for shares should be sent to THE LITTLE NECK CLAM TRUST, Care of Bill Nye, WORLD OFFICE, N. Y.

WORLDLINGS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company pays out \$6,000,000 annually in wages to its 11,000 employees.

A trout which weighed twenty-five pounds and measured 4 feet 4 inches in length was recently caught in Lake Mendota, near Madison, Wis.

A Dover (N. H.) woman, haunted by the fear of burglars, hid a considerable sum of money several months ago so securely that she has since been unable to find it.

It is noted by a Washington correspondent that most of the diplomats representing Turkey at the capital have been Greeks, and nearly all of the Mexican representatives are Spaniards.

A cypress tree recently felled in Woodruff County, Ark., had a diameter of 9 feet 4 inches at the base and a height of 46 feet. It will make 40 feet of lumber or 75,000 shingles, and is valued at \$300.

Miss Varina Davis, the "daughter of the Confederacy," has contributed to the Mason Sunday Times an article of considerable length and merit entitled "Glimpses of a German Watering-Place." It is said that she will make literature her profession.

A San Francisco lawyer who subscribed for a copy of Shakespeare's plays decided that he did not want it and informed the agent that he would not accept the book until it had been clearly proved to him that Shakespeare and not Bacon was the author.

A new fast train recently put on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road between Chicago and Kansas City has been officially named the "El." A similar and rival train on the Rock Island line between Chicago and Council Bluffs is dubbed the "G-whizz."

Two plates of glass have been made in Pittsburgh of such size that they cannot be loaded on cars and taken through the tunnels on the Pennsylvania Railroad to Philadelphia, where they are to be used in a building. Consequently they have got to be shipped around by river and ocean.

Mitchell Stone, who was arrested at White Plains the other day for stealing horses in Massachusetts, may very properly be called the king of horse thieves. By his own confession he has stolen more than a thousand horses in New England and in Eastern New York during the past twenty years.

Dr. Kott's explorations of the Ichneuteque liver in Florida have brought to light the remains of another mastodon. The bones were discovered near the spot at which he had previously dug up the remains of three other species of prehistoric animals—the megatherium, mylodon and palæotherium.

Twenty-one years ago John Johnson, of Danville, Ga., disappeared from sight one day as completely as if he had been swallowed him, and left a young wife to mourn his absence. Last week he returned to his native town from Oregon, where he has lived since his disappearance and grown rich. After waiting for ninety years his wife, secured a divorce, and she has not yet met her former husband.

Among New York Thieves. See The Sunday World. Three cents.

A Hopeless Case.

[From the New York World.]
Omaha may never see Salt Lake hotel, to new-found friend—What? Not going yet, I hope, it's only half-past.

New Found Friend—I must. To catch the old fellow I'll take the 11. It's under a man with a pretty long nose to enjoy canvasback at \$7 a pair, if he has to pay for them himself, or redheads at \$3.

The kinds of game principally dealt in now are quail, which cost \$2 a dozen, and squabs at \$3.50. These remain comparatively cheap. Partridges are \$1.10 a brace, mallards \$1.25, a Guinea fowl 75 cents, and capons 25 cents a pound.

Another branch of trade which is booming at this season is that in fruits and nuts. Of both of these there is a plentiful supply in the market, and some of the stalls display a rich variety of dainties that the mouth of the passer-by fairly waters as he gazes upon them.

MERRY SCENES IN MARKETS.

GREAT CROWDS GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS FEASTING.

Throngs of Peddlers Doing a Rushing Trade in the Streets—Fish, Fowl and Fruit in Plenty Inside the Market—Game Scarce and Dearer Every Year—Fruits of the Season in Abundance.

A stroll through Washington Market at any time during the past two days would have convinced even the most gloomy pessimist that Christmas in New York is going to be celebrated this year in the good old-fashioned way, bringing plenty of turkey, mince pie, plum pudding and all sorts of good cheer to every one. At any rate, there seems to be enough to go all around, without taking into consideration Fulton, Jefferson and a half a dozen other smaller markets in different parts of the city, which have presented similar scenes of busy activity during the same interval.

Not only the market itself, but all the streets and thoroughfares leading to it have been taken possession of by hordes of enterprising merchants, who have erected stands and anchored carts at every available corner and curb with the most cheerful disregard of the ordinances against street encumbrances, and who press their wares upon the passer-by with persistence and energy.

RED NOSES ON THE PIER ENDS.

Some City Fishermen Who Follow Their Sport Summer and Winter.

Even the presence of biting cold weather cannot drive the fishermen away from the pier ends. Although the fishermen may be miserably cold and unhappy as the raw December air frolics about and paints their noses a cheerful crimson, while it leaves the rest of his face an ashen gray, he nevertheless clings to his sport with a grip that death alone can loosen.

The fisherman does not fish for profit. If he depended upon his fish for a living he would not fish very long before the Coroner would pass upon the manner of his death. He does not fish for pleasure, because there is no pleasure in it. He fishes from habit. The drudgery of the fish trade may cure himself of his habit, but the fisherman can never break himself of his. When the chronic fisherman is, by unfeeling fate, compelled to work for a living during the day he spends half the night on the pier end, and chills and end with his throw lines and his little box of bait.

He never catches anything of any use. His fish are the size of sardines. At rare and blissful intervals he catches a bullhead or a hapless flounder. Then he is buoyed up with the conviction that fishing is a great and noble sport.

Several kinds of bait are used by these fishermen. During the warm months sand-worms make the best bait. In cold weather, however, the fisherman resorts to the bait from the string-pieces of the pier, the fisherman uses calf's liver, sheep's lungs and several other varieties of butcher-shop refuse for bait.

Fish bite these things probably because they wish to die at once and put an end to their misery. Certainly no self-respecting, healthy fish would bite such things in a cheerful state of mind.

Old men, middle-aged men and young boys alike haunt the pier ends day and night. The habit grows with advancing age.

"I've been fishing since I was seen on a steamer at the Chelsea Barge." It's no good," said he. "Cod fishin' ain't nothin' to fishin' off the docks." All these fishermen say is that they are old, or, of what, the three words mean the same to them.